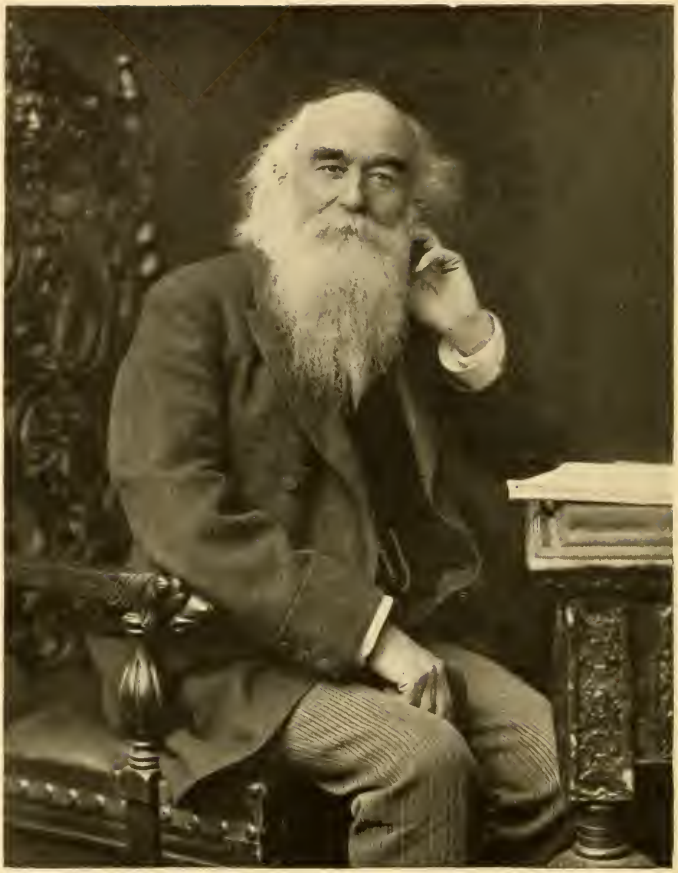
UNFREQUENTED PATHS



Very Truly Yours
Geo. E. McNeill.

Unfrequented Paths

Songs of Nature, Labor and Men

BY

GEORGE E. McNEILL

Author of "The Labor Movement: the Problem of To-day"
"Eight-Hour Primer," etc.

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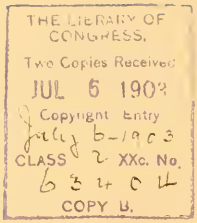

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To

MY LOVED AND LOVING SON

IRA STEWARD McNEILL

WHO WALKED WITH ME THROUGH PATHS UNFREQUENTED
IN FORESTS DENSE
OVER MOUNTAINS AND BY MOUNTAIN
STREAMS

HIS EARTH-LIFE ENDED, HE HAS PASSED ONWARD
TO THAT SPIRIT-LIFE WHERE EACH
SOUL WALKS FOREVER IN
COMRADESHIP WITH
PEACE AND
JOY

G. E. McN.

NOTE

The acknowledgments of the author are cordially rendered to those friends who have encouraged him by their interest in these verses. Also to Messrs. J. E. Purdy & Co. for the frontispiece, and to Mr. Elmer Chickering for use of the portrait of William Jennings Bryan.

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OF NATURE

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— Page 15.

UNFREQUENTED PATHS

AS we walked through unfrequented paths,
He whom I love, and I, — father and son, —
The tangled brush tripping our merry feet,
The song-birds singing from the pine-tree tops,
The birch with outstretched arms welcoming us,
The maple telling its story of the spring,
The odors of the spruce, fir, and hemlock
Giving fragrant incense as we wandered,
The wood-nymphs posing under the shadows,
Voices of the fishermen mending their nets
And murmurs of the slow receding tide
Coming to us as we faced the ocean, —
Through bog and bog-mire what cared we, comrades,
Graybeard and youth, he leading me onward?

"I am thy elder, father beloved,
For I shall lead unto the Spirit Land.
Listen to the roaring of the ocean,
The waves rising and falling forever,
The tides ebbing and flowing in order,
Obedient unto their Creator.
The sun rises and sets, the moon also;
Springtime follows the death of the winter;
The jaws of the winter-time are unlocked,
The fields and the floods rejoice and are glad.

"The seeds are planted, each seed of its kind;
They are buried, but they arise again,
Summer and winter, springtime and harvest
Serving in turn the will of the Father;
Behold, dear father! the love you bear me,
And the love I bear you, is eternal;
The pathway we walk is ever upward;
Though we part we shall meet at the summit.

"The days of my earth-life, they are few.
Do not shudder, my father, — it is well.
He whom you dearly love will pass upward;
This body is not me, it is for me.

"MURMURS OF THE SLOW RECEDING TIDE."

— Page 15.

My wife, and my darlings, boy and girl,
I leave with you. Teach them the lesson
That you taught me — 'Love is eternal;
The heavens and the earth are united.'"

With my staff, and leaning on my grandson,
I retrace the steps of the old-time paths,
Or, alone with my dog, stand and ponder
The solemn miracle of Life and Death.
Death is but the birth into the new life;
There we shall walk through unfrequented paths;
The sky smiles and the stars beckon us on,—
"Comrades forever," whispers the spirit.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

OOK! where the mountains kiss the summer clouds.
Behold their brows crowned with the silver sheen
Of winter's king, resplendent in their glow,
Lifting high their heads in silent grandeur
Above the pleasant vales and singing streams.

From yonder heights an avalanche of death
Swept down upon the trembling souls of those
Who built their home within these shadows grand;
Here, where we stand, their ruined home lies low,
And o'er their graves the silent trees keep watch.

"WITH MY STAFF, AND LEANING ON MY GRANDSON."

— Page 17.

How like the mighty billows of the sea
Mountains on mountains do forever rise.
With brows defiant to the lightning's shock
They give forth challenge to the winter's storm
And greet the angry winds with proud disdain.

Unbroken spirits, housed in adamant,
Rock-capped, unyielding heights, giants of space,
With mighty breath of power, potent, sublime,
Your stern and stubborn sides, with armor clad,
Shall yield at last to man's imperial sway !

Man's genius, God-inspired, cancels all space,
Uniting distant climes, uniting men ;
And up thy sides, proud hills, with haughty strides,
Shall climb with hoofs of steel the iron horse
Who cries, " Ha, Ha ! " as to the top he leaps.

Majestic monuments of Him who made
The land, the sea, the mountains, and the vales,
Upon thy summit we uncovered stand,
As on fair Pisgah's heights the Prophet stood
To view the promised land of Israel.

God grant that we be true to His command,
Humbling our pride by deeds of sacrifice,
Helping our weaker brothers up the path.
Then, from the mountain-range, our vision clear
Shall view the pleasant valleys of His love.

"OR, ALONE WITH MY DOG, STAND AND PONDER
THE SOLEMN MIRACLE OF LIFE AND DEATH."

— Page 17.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK

UBBLING waters of the spring,
Sparkling drops upon the wing,
High above the falls below,
From their source the waters flow.

Little, until April wakes
And the rain its slumber breaks,—
Jumping, running, trickling down
Through its pathways sear and brown;

Gathering strength from day to day,
Racing like a colt at play,
Gamboling, tumbling o'er and o'er
Barren heights to barren moor;

Over polished, rocky ways,
Glistening in the sunset rays,

Jumping, as with fearless glee,
From the mountain to the lea.

Clear thy waters, mountain stream,
Nectar of the gods, I ween,
Frothing, foaming, sparkling bright,
Filling all our souls with light.

This your song of long ago,
As I watched your waters flow:

Morn is breaking.
Gently waking,
Creeping, flowing,
Onward going,
Here in this bed
We'll hide our head
And rest awhile,
Time to beguile;
Then haste away
For rugged play;
Jump together,
Light as feather,

"LOOK WHERE THE MOUNTAINS KISS THE SUMMER SKIES."

— Page 18.

Down the decline.
Now, that is fine!
The sprites of spray
Mirror our way.
Melting the snow,
Larger we grow,—
Quite a stream now,
Where farmers plough;
Fish in our nooks,
Men with their hooks.
Onward we flow,
Now going slow,
Turning a wheel.
Sad now we feel,
Nearing our end:
Here at this bend
We're lost in the sea.

THE OCEAN

HERE, where the glistening, ever-shifting sands
Run down to meet and greet with welcome hands
The ever-flowing waters of the sea,
I stand in reverent awe of Him whose plan
Compassed eternal good and gave to man
O'er all created things dominion free.

In summer's calm I watch thy placid face,
As wave o'er wave joins in the merry race
To kiss the amorous lips of the warm sands;
Or, walking o'er the smiling sands, I find
Echo of gladness in the summer wind,
As of a message from far-distant lands.

"HERE, WHERE WE STAND, THEIR RUINED HOME LIES LOW."

— Page 18.

When winter's tempest breaks upon our shore,
When mountain, waves, and whirlwinds awful roar,
When hearts of strong men with great terror thrill,
When the mad waters in tumultuous waste
Hurl forth their challenge to our coast, rock-cased,
We look to Him who bade the sea be still.

Roll on, thou restless ocean waters, roll!
Greater than thou a single human soul
Made in the image of our God above!
The sea, and land, and sky shall pass away,
But man's immortal soul shall live alway
In the Eternal Ocean of His Love.

"SO BREAK LIFE'S BILLOWS"

HE ocean billows break upon the long, extended sands,
Dashing like white-foamed chargers, charge on charge, in endless fray.
Their crested manes, sparkling like meteors in the dark of night,
And snorting forth their challenge, leap from bank to bank,
Then disappear in the engulfing depths of ocean's waste;
Or, lashed to fury by the impelling winds, forge onward,
Crushing beneath their ponderous hoofs the prows of mighty ships,
Or, calm as gentle June, lave the tired feet of the outstretching land.

So break life's billows on the endless shores, immortal, blest.
The battle royal of our daily life is won at last,

"ROCK-CAPPED, UNYIELDING HEIGHTS, GIANTS OF SPACE."

— Page 19.

And calmly sails our boat — by love impelled — to loved ones gone.
Kiss, then, the sands where loved ones' feet have trod; 'tis holy ground;
The sunrise welcome, the splendor of the noon, sure promise
Of a sunset radiant with the golden glory of love supreme.

"GAMBOLING, TUMBLING, O'ER AND O'ER."
— Page 21.

OF LABOR

"OVER POLISHED, ROCKY WAYS"
— Page 21.

THE RISEN LABORER

" Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face." — MARKHAM.

MEN of brief authority and power,
Is this the picture you would have us paint?
A man crushed down to level of the beast,
"The emptiness of ages in his face"
And on his back the burdens of the world?
Or man redeemed by Christ's uplifting power?
Choose ye this day, — for God or Mammon choose;
For paltry Wealth in Time's short weary span,
Or Joy and Peace through God's eternal years.

Stand now before the judgment-seat of Christ;
Give there your answer as your deeds declare.

From loving lips of Christ shall questions come
To search your every thought and word and deed.
Who now is King was Carpenter despised;
His poor were in your power, He one with them
In poverty, in trial, in abuse.
"I was ahungered and ye fed me not;
I was athirst, ye gave me not to drink;
Naked I was, and yet ye clothed me not;
Sick and in prison and ye came not to me.

"Inasmuch, then, as my brother beloved,
Whom ye accounted least of God's creatures,
Was hungry, athirst, sick, and in prison,
Was naked, friendless, and heavy-burdened,
And unto him ye failed to minister,
Depart from me into the outer Darkness,
Wherein, with weeping and remorse for sin,
You may wash out the stain of earthly life.
And there, in service of regret and pain,
Plead for the love and mercy which you gave not."

O men of wealth and power, the pleading poor
Cry not in vain to God's Almighty power!
Throw off your burden of excessive wealth,
Or it will bear you down to lowest gulf.

"CLEAR THY WATERS, MOUNTAIN STREAM."

— Page 22.

Fulfill your duty to the men of toil,
And Peace and Plenty shall with Love abound.
The gloom of night shall pass and light will dawn.
Then shall some poet in the future sing
Of man restored to image of his God.
No more the man of toil shall bow his head
Beneath the weight of centuries of wrong;
The glory of the Christ is in his face;
From burdens of the world his back is free;
Alive to thoughts of rapture and delight
His soul breaks forth in songs of peace, good-will.

Who loosed him from his chains and sent him forth?
Whose breath revived the potent God within?
'Twas He, the living God, who overturned
The pride and power of Mammon's cruel day;
He who dominion gave o'er land and sea,
Not to a class, but freely unto all,
And stamped the brow of avarice, greed, and gain
With Cain's dark sin, — those who their brothers robbed
Of life, or love, or power to trace the stars
In their revolving courses round the sun.

The gulfs of greed no longer shall divide,
For all will labor for the common weal.

The wheels of labor to sweet music set
Shall sound the requiem of slavery past,
And all the realm of poetry and song
Shall open wide to those who seek to know
Time's tragic history, or Love's sweet power.

The monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched,
Of which the poet sang his prophecy,
Was Mammon's creature — not the loving God's;
The tool of commerce and proud men of trade;
For labor, bowed and bent with weary load
Of poverty and wrong and vile abuse,
Lifted his head, crowned with cruel thorns,
Immortal gems of Christ's great sacrifice,
Since He of Galilee was crowned as King,
And, lifted high upon the cruel cross,
Found there his altar-throne at which we bow.

Lifting his eyes, the humble laborer saw
A vision of earth's future. Struggling on,
Helping the humble laborer on his way,
His path revealed a cross, and, graven there,
"I was a carpenter, Nazarene, Jew;
Humbly I sought to heal sin-sick and poor,
Cruelly was tortured amid scoffs and jeers.

"HERE WHERE THE GLISTENING, EVER-SHIFTING SANDS
RUN DOWN TO MEET AND GREET WITH WELCOME HANDS
THE EVER-FLOWING WATERS OF THE SEA."

— Page 24.

Bear ye the cross aloft, — sure your reward ! "
Onward and forward marched gaunt bands of labor,
Fruits, flowers, and Plenty sprang beneath their feet.
Onward we march ! — by this sign we conquer !

Fail not, " O Masters, rulers in all lands,"
Or the dark future reckons hard with you.
Labor's uprising, peaceful or in terror,
Sure as the day-dawn, certain as the night-time,
Cometh with Christ-love or in man's anger.
Prepare a fitting answer to the Call ;
Measure your duty by the Golden Rule,
Or from your throne " built on quivering hearts "
The whirwind of your pride shall cast you down.
Obedient be to love's supremest powers ;
To joys undreamed you then shall enter in.

THE POOR MAN'S BURDEN

(*After Kipling*)

ILE on the poor man's burden —
Drive out the beastly breed ;
Go bind his sons in exile
To serve your pride and greed ;
To wait in heavy harness
Upon your rich and grand ;
The common working peoples,
The serfs of every land.

Pile on the poor man's burden —
His patience will abide ;
He'll veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride.

"IN SUMMER'S CALM I WATCH THY PLACID FACE."

— Page 24.

By pious cant and humbug
You'll show his pathway plain,
To work for others' profit
And suffer on in pain.

Pile on the poor man's burden —
Your savage wars increase;
Give him his full of famine,
Nor bid his sickness cease.
And when your goal is nearest
Your glory's dearly bought,
For the Poor Man in his fury
May bring your pride to naught.

Pile on the poor man's burden —
Your monopolistic rings
Shall crush the serf and sweeper
Like iron rule of kings.
Your joys he shall not enter,
Nor pleasant pathways tread;
He'll make them with his living,
And mar them with his dead.

Pile on the poor man's burden —
The day of reckoning's near;

He will call aloud on Freedom,
And Freedom's God shall hear;
He will try you in the balance;
He will deal out justice true;
For the Poor Man with his burden
Weighs more with God than you.

Lift off the poor man's burden,
My Country, grand and great;
The Orient has no treasures
To buy a Christian State.
Our souls brook not oppression,
Our needs — if read aright —
Call not for wide possession,
But Freedom's sacred light.

"WHEN THE MAD WATERS IN TUMULTUOUS WASTE."

— Page 25.

"AWAKE, AWAKE, YE SONS OF TOIL"

AWAKE, awake, ye sons of toil!
The gray of dawn sends glow of light
To quicken life, enrich the soil,
And make this world of sorrow bright.

The night of gloom her terrors cast,
And phantoms haunted each sad hour.
That dream of dread now soon is past,
And light o'er darkness holds its power.

Soon from the east the sun-burst breaks
O'er mountain-tops with hope aglow;
The cloudless dawn illumes the lakes
As from their springs the waters flow.

The coming day is near at hand
When Labor's banners, wide unfurled,
Shall cheer the noble Union band,
And Freedom dawn o'er all the world.

From sunken mines, from shop and mill,
The weary toilers hail the morn,
And childhood cheers with royal will
The Christmas-day when Peace was born.

Roll back, ye clouds of evil, roll,
Back to the caverns of the dead.
" The tyrant's feet from off the soil,"
We follow where the light hath led.

Awake, awake! the hour is near, —
Oppression of the poor shall cease;
No more shall struggling Labor fear.
Our victory's won. Hail, blessed Peace!

"ROLL ON, THOU RESTLESS OCEAN WATERS, ROLL."
— Page 25.

KEEP IN STEP

KEEP in step and do not falter;
Forward march to Freedom's altar;
Onward, though our path be dreary,
Onward, though our steps be weary.
We shall win with steps united,
Free the land by evil blighted.
'Neath our feet shall bloom in beauty
Plants that spring from love and duty.

Keep in step; the day is dawning:
Soon we'll see the glorious morning.
High above the clouds of sorrow,
Gilded by the golden morrow,
Over mountain-tops, are gleaming
Rays of light, in glory beaming, —
Freedom, Love, and Peace united;
Plenty comes when wrongs are righted.

ODE TO TRUTH

THOU imprisoned Truth, whose stalwart form is chained
Behind the iron bars where wild and reckless men
Are caged like beasts to save them from their heedless selves, —
Thy free-born mind will yet thy fetters break, and thou
Shalt stand as free as when our land was Freedom's home.

Time yet shall be when hoar oppression shall no more
Uplift his coward head to taunt the poor; nor they
Who, 'neath the dome of Justice' holy temple fair,
Have dared with perjured lips to sell our liberty,
Gloss more their giant crimes with ill-begotten gold.

There is no power in hell, nor in the callous hearts
Of greedy men, to crush the ever-living Truth.
It will not down or bend to earth the pliant knee
To crave and pray for pardon at the tyrant's hand.
Shall he for pardon sue whose life is free from guilt?

Truth is immortal! Nations, States, and races fall
And disappear in the black gulf of horrid night;
But Truth, omnipotent, remains as young and pure
As when the first glad morning kissed her happy face.
Tyrants may fume and vex their puny souls in vain;
Their crowns are but as asses' ears to mark the fool.

The face of Washington looks sternly down upon
The craven souls of a degenerate populace;
For Liberty is dead, and Freedom is denied
To men whose only crime is zeal in doing good —
Men robbed of life's best gift, the right to speak the truth.

To-night our festive scene is saddened. Other times
Crowd fast upon us,— dreams of a free land betrayed.
A land baptized in human blood for Freedom's sake
Comes sternly forth from the gray mists of other years,
Telling of honored sacrifice for Freedom's cause.

Let the alarum strike! The nation's doom is sealed
When Labor, cheated by the crew who live by pelf,
Stands held like Samson, blind and bound, a captive king,
The scoff and jeer of cultured knaves and school-taught
fools.

Shall we be still and stand like images of stone,
When those who for our sake have dared be brave and true
Are held behind the stony walls of yonder jail?
Must we be false to those most worthy of our love,
Who, fearing naught for self, dare all for humankind?

Forgive us, God of Mercy, if this hour pass by
Without the solemn protest of true free-born men!
Forgive us, ye heroic souls who gave your lives
That we might live beneath a flag whose colors tell
Of peace and joyous plenty to the Commonwealth!

And thou, dear friend, whose early days and later years
On the great cause of Labor freely were bestowed,
Not bonds or fines shall crush thee down, for thou art true;
Thy spirit was inspired by native wrongs that gave
An Emmett to an early grave that's ever green.
And thou who 'gainst a grievous wrong thy voice upraised
From out the humbler ranks where Labor groans in pain,
Forgive if in the coming years we prove untrue!

"DASHING LIKE WHITE-FOAMED CHARGERS, CHARGE ON CHARGE"

— Page 26

"I HAVE BEEN ROBBED"

FROM farthest East to where the golden orb
Reflects his light; from that far Northern realm
Where the eternal waters close their lips
In the deep slumber of perpetual ice,
To that exotic clime where plants and flowers
Leap from the earth in brilliancy of hue;
From sullen Russia's throne to sunny France;
From China's stunted, stagnant pool to our
Quick, active life, the deep, low moan of want,
The shrill and startling cry of suffering,
Are heard above the lashing waves of trade:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread."
To-day the toiler prays, "Feed me; my soul
Is starved, my mind deprived of hope,
My body cramped." He cries, "I have been robbed."

Give heed, ye tyrant robbers of the poor,
For Labor will not always cringe and bow;
He will not starve where granaries are full,
He will not ragged go, or naked be
In body and in mind, when the wide world
In plenty yields her fruits of happiness.
His bread of health and life and hope are gone.
The robber chiefs of commerce, land, and trade,
And time, shall yield their stolen treasures up.
The prayer of ages shall not be in vain,
But soon the dawn of brighter days shall come,
And the revolving earth shall echo back
The song of " Peace on earth, good-will to man."

LABOR DAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1902

ARCH on, ye men of toil, the day is yours.
Through cities' streets and pleasant country ways
Your tramping feet keep step to music's sound;
Your banners waving in the autumn breeze
Repeat again the message of sweet peace
That first was heard by peasants on the Mount, —
Blest message, drowned by cannon's brazen lips
And moan of Labor 'neath proud Mammon's rod.

Lift high your standards, men of toil! march on!
Before you, hope; behind you, dark despair.
Ages of cruel wrong blot history's page;
Oppressive power, the arrogance of wealth,

The hopeless cry of children at their work,
The clanking chains of slaves, the bloodhound's yelp,
The proud disdain of culture's petted ones
Are not as dreams, but sad realities.

March on! march on! for 'neath your weary feet
Which tramp o'er rugged paths shall flowers bloom
To mark your every step from want to wealth,
And songs of joy shall cheer you on your way.
The laurel-wreath shall crown the brow of Peace;
The drunken greed of self-devouring lust
Shall be no more, for plenty fills all fields,
And they who work for all shall be hailed chief.

OF RELIGION

EASTER MORN

REJOICE, my soul, rejoice and sing!
All hail, the promise of the Spring.
Winter is past; o'er snow-clad fields
The sun his quickening sceptre wields.

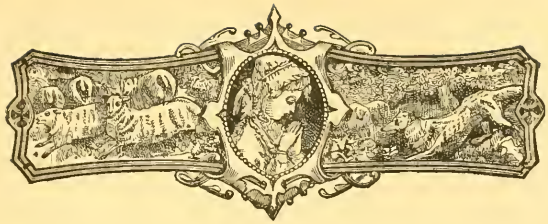
The hardened streams now softly flow;
Peeps the arbutus through the snow;
Sweet-scented herbs, the fern and brake,
And cowslips, nestle by the lake.

In proud array the robins come
To talk of love and build their home.
The brown-hued trees by life-blood's stream
Are wakened now from winter's dream.

The Easter blest, with joy we sing;
Death is no more, the Christ is King.
Easter has dawned, in verdure clad,
And all the realm of earth is glad.

Hear we now the glad Evangel;
Harken to the Guardian Angel, —
Easter bells the story telling:
"He is risen, doubt dispelling."

Rejoice, my soul, 'tis Easter morn!
From the dark grave new hope is born;
Sleeps no more the soul in prison, —
Angels tell us, "He is risen."



"LOVEST THOU ME?"

(Lines suggested by the Farewell Sermon of the Rev. F. O. Hall, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.)

MY sheep are browsing on the barren hills,
Trembling with hunger and with fear and cold;
They cry for succor from their many ills,
They plead for shelter in some humble fold.

My sheep are they who need a shepherd's care
To guard them from the angry wolves of greed,—
To help the weak, and gently to forbear
With those who wander from the fold to feed.

"Lovest thou Me?" Then prove thy love in deeds;
Feed thou my sheep and thou shalt shepherd be.
Give of thyself to every one who needs,
And angel messengers shall come to thee.

Feed thou my lambs; within thy heart enfold
The little ones bereft of joy and hope.
Such acts of love shine brighter far than gold
And give to life its broadest, highest scope.

"Feed my young sheep" — they know not well the way
Wherein they walk in shadow of the night;
Lead thou them on till the diviner ray
Shall guide them in the paths of endless light.

"Lovest thou Me?" We hear the plaintive cry
Of sheep without the fold, with none to lead.
Help us, dear Master, — help us, ere we die,
To answer thy deep love, — thy sheep to feed.

"Lovest thou Me?" We would not turn away,
Nor dull our ears to thy sweet, tender voice;
We love thee, Lord, and try each passing day
To feed thy sheep till all with love rejoice.

We have been fed, yet need thy loving care,
For we are weak and stumble as we go.
Help us that we thy bounty gladly share:
Love comes to those who love to others show.

THE POET AND THE SOUL

A SOUL of love, and full of that sweet peace
Which comes with love expressed in tender deeds,
Was hers, is hers, who bids our grief surcease, —
For lo! her soul to realms of beauty leads.

Her eyes shone forth the tears of joy within,
Clear as the crystal drops that feed the plain,
Cheering the burden-crushed, the sick of sin,
Uplifting the lowly, soothing their pain.

In her sweet presence Nature blossomed ever;
Garlands of color splendid in their beauty
Crowned her and bound her. Naught can ever sever
Loved ones and true ones, whose joy is duty.

SPIRIT

Peace, loved ones, peace! I know your tender hearts
Are bleeding now; your saddened hours of tears
I fain would cheer; but soon the dark cloud parts;
We meet again in God's eternal years.

The Christ awaits our tardy journey home.
Though sweet our years, the darkness hid our way.
Now light shines forth wherein our souls may roam;
The night is o'er, — dawns now the blessed day.

Dear ones, adieu! Yet not adieu, — all hail!
Not distant, — no, for limitless the soul.
The countless stars that stud the sky may pale,
But love will weld and hold the wondrous whole.

POET

O thou eternal Father! hear our prayer;
Grant us the faith and hope that cheered her days.
Free us from fear and needless worldly care;
Bless us, O Christ! with thy divinest rays.

CHRISTMAS

OULD we but follow where the
Christ-star leads,
Through deserts wide of poverty and
want;
Through swamps of sin, and over
rocks of pride,
To humble mangers where the poor
are housed,—
Then in our souls exultantly would sound
The Christmas song of peace, good-will to man.

Our gold, our frankincense, and myrrh, we lay
At the dear feet of Him who came to save.
Follow ye the Master in word and deed,—
Lift up the fallen, welcome the straying,
Soothe the disconsolate with hope and cheer,—
Welcome, then, Christmas song, "Peace and good-will."

"SORROW'S ANGEL, BOWED IN GRIEF"

GOD is good; His love supreme
Through life's shadows still doth gleam;
Sorrow's angel, bowed in grief,
Sees in hope a sure relief.

God is good. Though sad our day,
He will lead us on our way.
Sad we part with loved ones dear,
Glad the welcome we shall hear.

God is good. E'en through our tears
His enduring love appears;
Through the gleam of sorrow's night
Beams at last the heavenly light.

OF PATRIOTISM

OUR FLAG

AISE high our banner, till its field of blue
Shall kiss the azure of the arching heavens,
Its stars reflecting from the central sun
The blessed light of Liberty and Love.

What loyal souls have bowed their heads in death
That it might wave above our heads in Peace!
Born 'mid the flash of steel and cannon's roar,
Baptized in blood of patriot sire and son,
'Mid prayer to Him whose hand reveals the way,
Through hours of darkness, to the dawn of light.

God speed thee, starry banner of these States,
In Peace instead of War. At home, abroad,
Drive from our minds all thought of conquest foul;
Give us to know Thy will, and hail the day
When War no more shall lift his ghastly head,
But Peace on earth, good-will to man, prevail!

"O THOU ALMIGHTY ONE"

THOU Almighty one, whose word is law,
'Gainst which our selfish natures fain rebel,
Have mercy on a people vain and proud
And false to the high trust by thee imposed.

Here thou didst plant a vineyard of thy own,
And watered it with sacrifice and blood
Of men devout, God-fearing, loyal, true,
Who counted all things lost for Freedom's gain.

Humble and poor, they came from lands afar
To worship thee in spirit and in truth,
To build foundations strong for Freedom's home,
To shelter the oppressed of every clime.

With prayer and song was signed the compact grand.
A young Republic, born 'mid winter's storms
And nurtured in the light of Freedom's sun,
To manhood grew, in pride and power replete.

Then came thy ancient foes, proud Mammon's priests,
And bade us worship at their ancient shrine;
The Golden Calf in every mart was raised
And wild hosannas welcomed Mammon's sway.

Bear with us, Lord, while we confess our sins
And plead for mercy, who deserve it not;
Thy prophets' teachings scorned, thy laws defied,
The freedom gained, to others we've denied.

We've sinned against the Indian in our greed;
We've sinned against the black man in his woe;
We've sinned against the poor man in his need; —
Shall we not reap the harvest that we sow?

The red man's trail of blood is on our land,
The black man's stain is on our darkened shield,
The poor's denied the product of his hand,
And Greed her sceptre sways o'er flood and field.

The black man's moan was answered in the storm
Before whose angry blast our first-born fell;
Haunts us alway the red man's gory form, —
And poor blind Samson's vengeance, who shall tell?

Like as of old, the pleasant paths of peace
Grew weary to our feet. The tempter came,
And from the mountain-top of our high pride
Showed us the kingdoms lying at our feet.

The red man's lands we took by vice and fraud,
The black man from his home we stole away,
And crushed the poor man 'neath his heavy load,
Selling our birthright for proud Mammon's pay.

"Behold a people ignorant and poor,"
The tempter said. "Your mission's not complete
Until the gospel's preached to every soul
And Commerce crowns the Islands as her own."

With sword and bayonet we lead the way
Through homes made desolate,—their lives destroy,—
For gospel truths, and light and Commerce' sway!
These are the means for Freedom to employ!

Before the Golden Calf they bid us kneel,
At Sinai's feet they tempt us as of old,
Thy prophets' teachings scorn, thy law defy,
And bid us worship Commerce' paltry gold.

O thou Almighty one, whose word is law,
Whose law is love expressed, help us, we pray,
Against the mighty hosts of Mammon's priests
Who lead thy people from the truth away.

"COMRADES, ALL HAIL!"

COMRADES, all hail! our song the endless theme
Of Comradeship, with every note replete
To which the human heart responds, —
The plaintive cry of childhood, robbed and wronged,
The sad, low moan of mothers at the grave,
The bitter wail of her who loved in vain,
The smothered sob of manly hearts cast down,
The cheerful sounds of children at their play,
The lullaby of brooding mother-care,
The chastened voice of maidenhood redeemed,
The hail, all hail, of men who dare be free!

As rainbow hues in natural colors blend
And arch the sky in beauteous pledge of hope,
So comradeship blends all our hopes and fears
In one grand arch of never-ending love.

"GLADLY AND GLORIOUSLY, FULL OF DEVOTION"

GLADLY and gloriously, full of devotion
To the dear flag they loved,
Marched the Grand Army,
Onward and onward from ocean to ocean.

From the North, East, and West, forth to the battle,
Marched they in war's array,
Pride of the nation,
'Mid bugle-blast, beat of drum, musketry's rattle!

Yeomen both proud and strong, from every station,
Rallied around the flag, —
Citizen soldiers.
Not a star blotted out, stronger the nation!

Stilled now the battle-cry, "Union Forever!"
Cheers for the boys in blue!
Hail to those in gray!
All are united now, — nothing can sever.

WELCOME TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

OSTON gives welcome to her veteran sons,
For you are hers as she is yours to-day;
She claims as hers all those who nobly dare
In field or forum offer up their all
In sacrifice for Liberty's dear sake.
The city's freedom thus we tender you.
The people's voices drown the cannon's roar;
Comrades and brothers, welcome and all hail!
Our streets are yours, with all their memories
Of noble deeds performed by patriot sires;
They lead, a narrow way, to open doors
Of happy homes and hospitable hearts.
Our city's gates on golden hinges swing,
Bidding your welcome ranks to enter in.

Before your close, advancing lines, behold
A venerable guard, invisible
Except to those whose vision sights the past;
A sturdy race, quaint in their garb and speech,
Who braved the terrors of the unbridged seas,
Fastening their feet and faith on primal rock.
Far in advance they led, armed cap-a-pie;
Their flint-lock muskets and their courage firm
Blazed forth at contact with the tyrant's steel.
For "Conscience, Freedom,"— so their banners read.
They built the church and school, and builded well.
Here planted they the tree, under whose shade
In prosperous freedom shall our children live,
If we, as they, our patriot duty give.

Lo, as we gaze, the Pilgrims' children's sons,
The men of Lexington and Bunker Hill,
Who first the flag of high revolt unfurled,
And later "fired the shot heard round the world,"
Form into line. First in our hearts to-day,
As first in war and peace, comes Washington.
Unflattered and unawed, he held his place
Between conflicting factions. (Patriot chief,
Give to our rulers something of thyself!)

Then follow heroes, shades of noble men,
A peasant soldiery, before whose fire
The pride of Europe in submission bow'd.
This is your welcome, men of Sixty-one :
Hark, from their ranks comes, " Welcome, and well done ! "

Grander than Cæsar's entrance into Rome
Is this, your entrance to our heart and home.
Your ranks portray a free land's pomp and pride;
Of men who work or fight, as times betide.
Who votes as sovereign, and who fights as king,
Shall wear the garlands that the people bring.
From that first day when patriot blood was shed,
And Boston stood uncovered for her dead, —
When April zephyrs full of peace and calm
Turned into tempest at war's sad alarm, —
To that fell day when the assassin's hand
Struck down the noblest chieftain of the land,
Your hands and hearts withstood rebellious flood,
Cementing State to State in loyal blood.

Immortal Lincoln, humbly good and great,
These tramping hosts no menace bring the State !

The ploughshares gleam on fields which carnage knew;
New stars are added to the field of blue;
From the Potomac to extremest shore,
Peace holds her sway — God grant forever more!
Your army, grand in valor, stands supreme,
Excelling history's note and poet's dream.
March on, march on, grand army of the North,
Join hands to help our brothers of the South!
The Union arch, triumphant, stands complete,
And Mercy sits enthroned in Justice' seat.
The brave are generous! True knights are they
Who heal the wounds they make in battle's fray.

"HERE BRING THE LAUREL-WREATH"

ERE bring the laurel-wreath,
Moist with the veteran's grief,
Here where the brave and young
Join in the songs we've sung,—
Here stand we firm.

Stand by the truths of old,
Unswayed by greed or gold,
Stand by a Union free
From cursèd slavery.

Bound firm with Freedom's bands,
Knit now with Friendship's strands,
Northland and Southern plain,
Peace holds her blissful reign.
From East to Western shore
We shall know war no more,—
Peace reigns supreme.

Freedom and Union now
No power can sever;
Ever the motto true,
"One flag forever."

Matchless the minds that wrought
For the dear Union, bought
With blood and tears;
Keep we the pledge they gave,
Learn we the lesson grave:
"Freedom with plenty crowned
Brings peace the earth around."

"Justice to all," our creed;
Justice in Labor's need;
Free hands the seeds shall sow,
Free hearts shall fear no foe,
Free men the harvest reap,
Free men the harvest keep.
So stand we here to-day
Breathing unfettered air,
Thinking unfettered thought,
Working with unfettered hands
The temple that our fathers wrought;
Here where no golden crown
Wakens the poor man's frown;

Here where no sceptre's sway
Shadows the peaceful day;
Here where free ballots rule;
Land of the open school;
Here where the church is free,
Home of humanity,
Stand we to-day;
Here where the chosen one
Stands with uncovered head,
Greeting the work well done
By the illustrious dead.

OF MEN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
— Page 77.

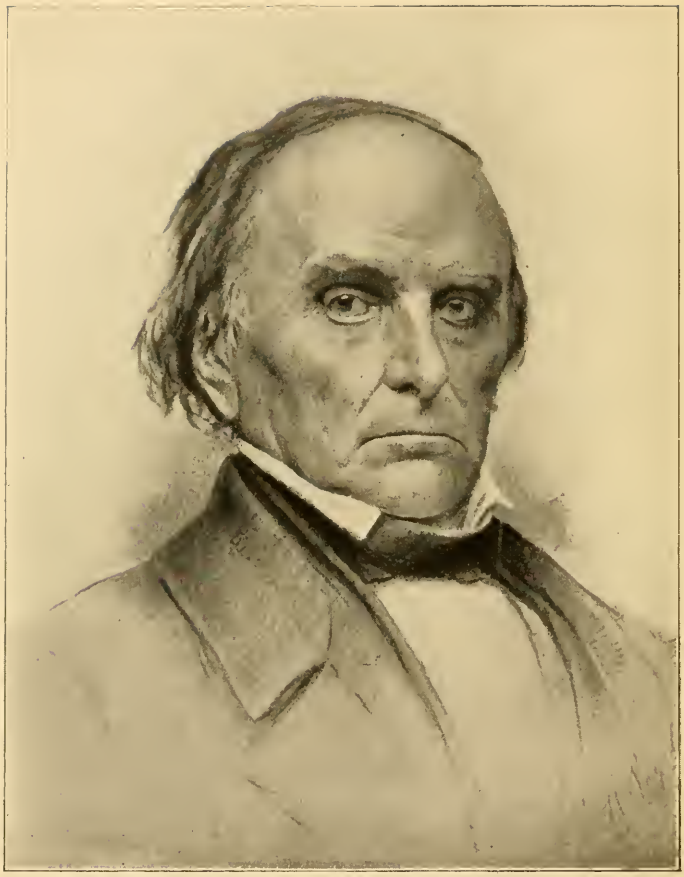
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AN of the martyr mould, sad, pensive, grand,
Man of the kindly heart and helping hand,
Man of the gentle voice and love-lit eye,
Man of the patient hope that cannot die;
The soldiers' father and the freeman's friend,
Before thy shrine with humble hearts we bend,
And on this hallowed ground devoutly pray
To Freedom's God to guard our steps alway.

From out the mists of youth to manhood's prime
His feet with patience walked in honored time,
Battling the foes of liberty and right.
Armed with the truth, he led with Freedom's might.
When fell rebellion struck the Union arch
And Northern hosts began their onward march,
The heart-beats of his tender, loving care
Kept time in sorrow with his inmost prayer.

The victory won, no proud, triumphant boast
Escaped the lips of him who led the host;
With modest mien he sought to soothe their woes
And make firm friends of his most bitter foes.
He sought to weld the broken breach again,
To quicken hope and waken joy's refrain.
Peace reigned, when lo! the assassin's hand struck down
The man of men most fit for martyr's crown.

Here on this sacred soil, where patriot sires
Kindled on humble hearths the sacred fires
Of liberty for all, for rich and poor,
With Welcome opening wide her treasured store,
Remembering him whose words on field of strife
Quickened the hopes of freedom to new life,
We bow in reverent silence to his name,
And pledge our lives to Freedom's holy flame.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

– Page 79.

DANIEL WEBSTER

On the One Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth

HUNDRED YEARS! — a fleeting throb of time,
A grain of space in the eternal Now.
The dust beneath our feet is older far
Than battlements and walls of ancient Rome,
Or Pyramid, or Sphinx, or Leaning Tower.
Who thought and thrived or painfully endured,
Who plead for freedom, whom the tyrant crushed,
Who died a martyr for the common good, —
Their names are written on the shifting sands.
From out past pain and travail came we forth,
A giant nation, born of God, to rule,
Reaching our long arms to the nether pole,
Bidding the ancient Wrong to stay his march,
Bidding all hail to Freedom's Union-Arch.

A hundred years, — Columbia's but a child:
Yet in her childhood has great wonders wrought,
Lifting to sun-crowned heights bold Freedom's flag,
Shaking the amber air and solid earth
Till the stars fell on her emblazoned shield.
Great empire of the free, where all are kings,
The sovereign master serving in his turn.
Beware lest corporate power of greed o'ercome
The coöperate rights of earth's least, humblest son.
Republic great! bring forth thy mighty men
The dangers of the future to avert;
Great, living, throbbing men, with instinct true,
Who dare proclaim the duty of the hour
And stay the forward march of greed of power.

By Marshfield's shores and Plymouth's sacred sands,
Here at thy tomb, we pledge our lives anew
To God and native land. Oh, save us, Lord,
From the contemptuous epoch of small men.
No cultured fungus is our want to-day, —
Dead past, Greek art, or Latin impotence.
Give us the grit and push of Northern blood,
The breadth and scope our prairies picture forth,
The lofty views such as our mountains give.

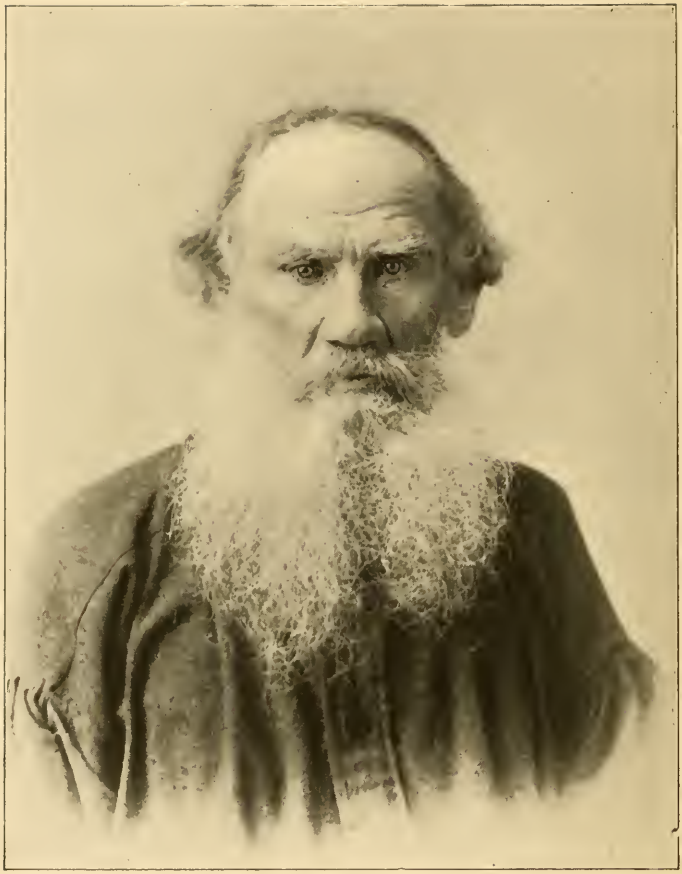
Our Plymouth stock enlarge, of Godly men
Freed from the canker of cursed bigotry,
Who shall stand forth the champions of to-day, —
A Webster and a Garrison combined,
To lead a nation onward in its march
And place the keystone in our Union Arch.

Through lips of years, the living dead do speak,
Pleading at Plymouth Rock and Bunker's Hill.
A giant figure stands, whose massive brow
Resplendent glows with halo of great thoughts.
Under his power a Senate stands in awe;
Jove-like he hurled the thunder of his words,
Yet, tender as a maid, sheltered his foes.
He crushed with power, yet healed with tender love;
Great in his weakness, his great fault our own, —
The written parchment, stained by patriots' hands,
Blotted a page of his most noble life.
Freedom cannot be bound; it bursts its chains,
And Law and Order tremble in the scale
Till Light and Truth triumphantly prevail.

Illustrious dead! great heart of northern oak!
Here at thy tomb we lay our garlands down
And give thee greater tribute than our praise.

Thy work unfinished claims our utmost powers, —
Not written parchment, nor commercial cords
Which factious power may sever, nor the chains
Of greed whose interest against our own
Bind robber hands till interest divides.
The Union we would join in welded life
Of commonwealths where common wealth abounds.
These ashes yesterday stood forth a man,
Majestic in his manhood, noble browed,
With eye of eagle and with voice of Jove,
A nation's idol and a people's pride.

A hundred years! — a fleeting throb of time!
A grain of space in the eternal Now!
The past is present and the future is!
The burning sands of Egypt's desert shore
Are older far than Pyramid or Sphinx;
More wonderful than ancient Leaning Tower,
The waveless ocean and the shining sands.
Who thought and thrived, or painfully endured,
Who plead for freedom, whom the tyrant crushed,
Or who were martyred for the common good,
Are written on the scroll of shifting sands;
Deeds live, — work is not wasted, — truth is king!



TOLSTOI.

— Page 83.

TOLSTOI

POET and priest of Faith sublime,
Sweet, gentle heart that beats in time
With Him who gave His love, His life
A sacrifice to worldly strife, —
The crown of thorns upon his brow,
With radiant gems emblazoned now,
Illumes the world with rays divine
Which in thy soul will ever shine.
Those weary hearts, freedom denied,
With tyrant's power on every side,
With hopes deferred and faith suppressed,
Found sheltered help in thy fond breast.
Their burdened souls confession found,
And soothing balm for every wound.
Thy kindly hands reach out to save
The helpless poor, the peasant slave;

Thy voice rings out a word of cheer,
And millions hail thee, new-born seer.
O'er tractless lands and ocean wide,
On every breeze, on every tide,
Thy words, thy deeds, thy humble life
Shall sound the knell of war and strife, —
Inspiring faith, enlarging hope,
Bringing to life a nobler scope.
Rings clear thy song, as on the morn
When angels sang, " The Christ is born, —
Good-will to man, and on earth peace."
Love shall prevail and hatred cease;
The poor man's wrongs shall be redressed,
And sin-sick souls with love be blessed.
Our prayers go up — to Him who gave
Thy soul new birth — thy life to save;
But if, alas, thy hour is near,
Upon thy grave the poor man's tear
Will fall as dew upon the ground
From those whose souls with love abound.

ROBERT BURNS.

— Page 85.

ROBERT BURNS

DEAR peasant poet, lover, lad,
Whose rhymes the hearts of men make glad!
The sculptor ne'er shall cease to trace
The chastened beauty of thy face.
Through stone, or bronze, or pictured word,
The beauty of thy lines is heard.

Dear heart of Scotia's vales and hills,
Our soul with thine responsive thrills;
The poor man's wrongs, the proud man's place,
Sweet Nature's bloom and woman's grace;
Thy pictured lines, thy art divine,
Shall in our hearts remain "lang syne."

Let proud men scorn thy humble birth;
With wealth of love each cotter's hearth
Is lighted with the gentle fire
That warms the heart of son and sire.
We walk with thee by Ayr's smooth stream,
With lad and lass in love's sweet dream.

The Plowboy's task, poor Shanty's ride,
The boisterous sports at eventide,
The preacher's gloom, the elder's wrath,
The tiny mouse that crossed thy path,
The prayer devout, the songs of praise,
Bring back fond thoughts of early days.

Though frail as man, beset by sin
When tempter wrought with worldly din,
Thy soul aspired to highest realm,
With love and mercy at the helm.
Thou loved'st the poor; their joys, their tears
Were sacred held from lordlings' sneers.

Dear son of love, divinely blest
From Scotia's hills to distant West,
Thy fame is held in loving hearts,
In cottage homes, in busy marts:
Where'er the soul of man is free,
Thy name and fame secure shall be.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

— Page 87.

WELCOME TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ATRIOT of Peace, leader of men, all hail!
Son of the West, this mother State with joy
Welcomes you here, with loving hearts, to fields
Where patriots trod and planted deep the seeds
Of justice, peace, and righteousness, and love.

Here where we stand, the fathers stood, grand men
Trained in the school of sacrifice devout;
From humble walks, from busy marts, equipped
With Freedom's arms to answer back the foes
Imperial with Freedom's countercharge.

Oh, not in vain the sacrifice and blood
Of Lexington and Concord Bridge, for lo!
At Bunker Hill a monument uprears
A pledge to God the Infinite; a vow
That Liberty and Justice shall not fail;

And Fanueil Hall, where Adams spoke the word
Electric, free, which blazed the way untrod,
Now broad and grand, where marching feet of men,
Saxon and Celt, Mongolian and Slav,
Shall walk o'er thrones and powers imperial.

Our sisters cried for help, the neighbor isles
Reached out their arms for succor in their plight,
Outraged and wronged, by cruel foes beset:
We gave our first-born, — willing sacrifice, —
With freemen's pledge of faith unparalleled.

To distant isles the love of freedom came,
Inspiring hope and faith in God and man,
The Orient seas clapping their hands in joy
At Freedom's near approach, our banners waving
On the trembling seas, omen of victory.

Allies and friends were we on that fair morn
When Spain, repaying sins, in shame withdrew;
For then the circle of Democracy
Belted the earth with bonds impregnable,
And Freedom shone, the day-star of the world.

Behold our shame! We conquered Spain, but failed
To conquer self. Greed and ambition's thirst,
Which dormant lay concealed, arose in power,
Bidding defiance to our primal law.
Imperial passion seized the Commonwealth.

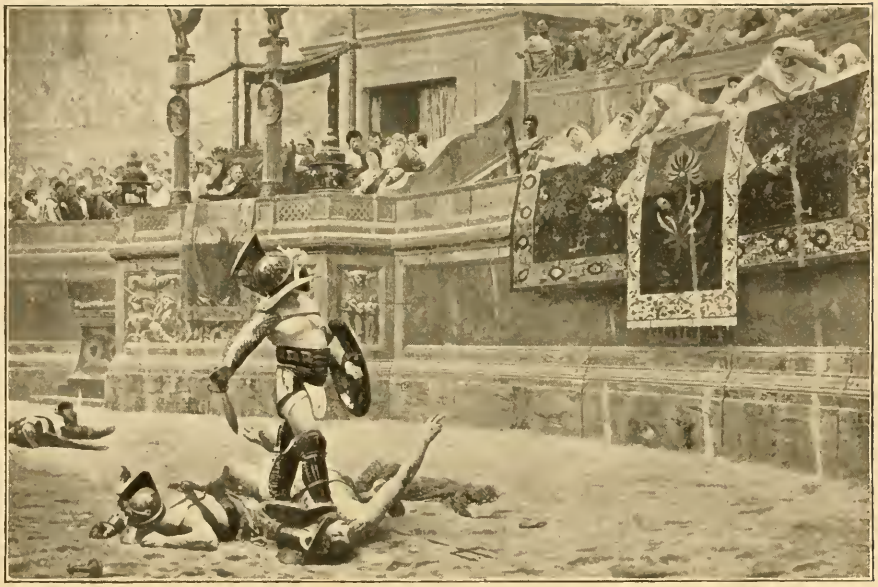
We turn our guns against our patriot sires:
"King George and Glory!" now our battle-cry;
Raze Fanueil Hall and Bunker Hill to dust,
Recall the Tory brood to rule our land,
And shout for empire, and in Mammon trust.

We called for men who dare be free to speak
The old-time word that quickened into life
The spark divine which feeds the eternal fire
In human hearts for freedom, justice, peace:
Nebraska answered with her favored son.

Go forth, thou prophet-statesman, friend! go forth!
The way is dark, the road is hard to pass,
For Mammon's kings own pulpit, press, and court;
The ancient Wrong is garbed in Freedom's suit,
Her chains concealed 'neath garlands of sweet flowers.

Go forth ! and with you prayers of men devout !
May all the force of human love and faith,
And God's eternal justice, hold you up,
Till from each sister State shall men arise,
And once again our country shall be free : —

Free from the curse that marked the brow of Cain,
Free from imperial dreams of conquest's prize,
Free to give freedom to our brother man.
Then shall the States rejoice, and cry, " All hail !
All hail to Liberty ! to Justice hail ! "



"THEN PULSELESS SILENCE FALLS — THAT POISE MEANS DEATH."

— Page 91.

BRUNO

ITHIN the circle of those massive walls,
The pride of pagan Rome, dumb witnesses
Of gladiatorial and bloody deeds,
Two men, the centre of ten thousand eyes,
Greeted with loud acclaim, stripped for the fight;
Their muscles trained, strong as the pliant steel
Whose thrust and stroke bring forth tumultuous cheers
From Rome's assembled hosts. Women, refined
In torture's brutal school, smile at each blow,
And, as the swollen stream of life bursts forth, —
Its reddened current washing life away, —
Like maddened beasts their eyes flash bitter fire.
Then pulseless silence falls — that poise means death.
Exultant shouts proclaim the victor's fame.

In prayer to God the Christian martyrs kneel,
With souls serene in faith, awaiting death
By cruel fangs of mad, devouring beasts, —
The aged sire, the babe in mother's arms,
The maiden and her swain in love's sweet dream,
Free of offence, save in their simple faith
In Him who loves the humble and the poor
And for that love was mocked and crucified.
More cruel than the beasts these cultured ones,
Patrons of art, luxurious in wealth,
Seeking their pleasures in unbridled lust,—
As even now the opulent and proud
Unbridled run their course in high disdain
Of the long-suffering ones on every hand.

What righteous cause has triumphed by those deeds?
What faction won, what vengeance dire appeased?
The crumbling ruins of that ancient time
Give answer to the people yet unborn:
"The rich licentious and the poor debased
Found pleasure in the brutal waste of life."

Time passes on. The crowded streets of Rome
Are gay with pageantry of mitred heads
And rich, embroidered robes of priests and Pope.

"IN PRAYER TO GOD THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS KNEEL."

— Page 92.

Slow-burning in the square, the cruel fire,
Hell-born, with fevered tongue, licks the warm blood
Of the undaunted Bruno, master man!
Not brutal pagans these, who seek his life
For pleasure's profit; nor mere hours of sport,
Resigned to combat, man to man opposed,
Yielding applause to him who victor proves:
But coward fools, unchristian and profane,
Consigning to the fire the Truth they hate; —
One man against the World, the Church, and Hell,
The odor of his flesh ascending Heaven.
And yet the truth he taught, enriching man,
Freedom to think and utter, — born in fire
Like Phœnix, — rises where his ashes fell.

Rome, thou art doomed! thy hills are trembling now
Beneath the shouts that welcome Bruno back, —
Unveiled the eyes that saw his form unveiled.
The bigot's flame consumes the bigot's power,
Lighting on humble hearths with freeman's hope.
One common Father makes us equal sons.

Two thoughts contending, no arena walls
Contain the mighty hosts whose shouts revive
The tests of ancient time! The scene to-day

Reveals no more the gory battle-field,
No more the burning pile or headsman's axe,
But foe more subtle and more dangerous,
Corrupting Church and State in Mammon's name;
The other, Freedom's Champion, lifts his voice
For justice unto all men everywhere.

To this arena countless millions come, —
Free thought, free speech, the weapons Labor wields.
With bleat of Golden Calf his foes respond!
Not long shall Culture kneel at Mammon's feet
Or battle 'gainst the many with vain words,
Or in religion's name crush hope and heart.
We hail a brighter morn, — the truth is free.

Combat is vain! Love is the mighty power
That overthrows injustice, builds the walls
Of truth's eternal temple. Sick are healed,
Downtrodden poor made free. Restored to sight,
The blind no more in darkness walk by day.
The time of Christ's eternal reign will dawn,
When we have cleansed our hearts from Mammon's
lust.

TO IRA STEWARD

FRIEND, thou hast struggled on through years,
Regardless of the scoffs and jeers
Of time and men.

Who sets the world of thought aglow
Is counted oft man's deadliest foe
By thoughtless brains.

But thoughtless brains shall some day think,
And at thy fountain pause and drink
And praise thy name.

Stand firm, and faint not by the way.
E'en now we see the dawning day,—
The sun appears.

The hated word, as oft of old,
Shall written be in purest gold
Upon our flag.

God speed the day when those that toil
Shall reap the product of the soil,
From "wages" free!

TO T. PARK BUCHER

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

OH, what are years but passing days,—
The Dawn with loving arms caressed,
The Noontime gilt with Hope's fond rays,
The Evening sweet with well-earned rest?

Dear friend, not old — but young — in years,
Sweet are the memories of the past!
The future glows, and ancient fears,
Like Night, have fled,— 'tis Day at last.

TO L. AND C.

GOD bless thee, friends;
Thy sweet love lends
To life's rough way
Its blissful ray.

The seeds ye sow
Shall surely grow,
In heart and mind,
Fruits of their kind.

Our hearts made glad
Shall cheer the sad,
And tears of woe
No more shall flow.

Go forth and win,
O'er pain and sin,
The victory great—
O'er fear and hate.

Thus, hand in hand,
Towards better land,
Thy feet shall tend
Till earth shall end.

— These simple rhymes
Are but the chimes
Of heart aglee
With thought of thee.

L. of C.

MISCELLANEOUS

"BEN ADIN PONDERED AS THE DAY-STAR FELL
BEHIND THE WALLS THAT HEDGED THE ANCIENT WELL."

— Page 103.

"ALLAH IS GOOD"

BEN Adin pondered as the day-star fell
Behind the walls that hedged the ancient well.
The sprites of night their shadow-fibres spin,
Weaving the sombre dusk, gauze-like and thin,
With threads of mellowed moonlight glistening through,
Brilliant with clouds of sunset's golden hue ;
Then danced weird dance till through the sullen night
The lamps of Allah shone with heavenly light.

Ben Adin sorrowed, and his heart beat wild
With bitter grief for loss of wife and child.
"Allah," he prayed, "I know no more the way
Of peace or joy or hope : dark is my day.
Send me a friend, a humble, simple soul,
To heal my broken heart and make me whole."
When lo ! beside him stood his faithful steed.
His prayer was answered, — he found friend indeed !

Ben Adin gladdened. "Allah, thou dost well.
My soul, rejoicing, now with hope doth swell;
The glory of thy sunset is for me;
The desert wide, wherein my soul is free,
Rolls its huge billows through the countless years.
Beneath its rolling sand, the hopes and fears
Of mighty peoples, proud in their estate,
Filled with the wine of pleasure, met their fate."

"The sages told us in the long ago
That man in man will find his bitter foe.
Allah is good, — he doeth all things well.
'Tis man alone who builds the walls of Hell.
He doeth best whose words and deeds are food
To feed the hungry soul with lasting good.
The sea, the land, the countless worlds in space,
Allah has given to the human race.

"Then render service, and for service given
Allah will open wide the gates of heaven.
The humblest creature, be he man or beast,
By Allah blest, is welcome to the feast.
Poet or priest, the righteous ones are those
Who give themselves to soothe their brothers' woes.
The Christ incarnate gave his life in shame.
He gains the crown who suffers in His name."

Ben Adin's gloom is past. No more alone,
The light of nobler life within him shone.
Prone at his feet, his noble steed, at rest,
Dreams a soft dream of him who loved him best.
Beside his beast Ben Adin knelt with hope,
Scanned the expansive Future's mighty scope:
"Allah be praised," so ran his evening prayer;
"Allah is good, his love is everywhere."

The sprites of night departing, in their place
The morning fairies, radiant of face,
Kissed their dark sisters with a sweet good-morn
And wove the garlands of the beauteous dawn
With flowers of Eastern red and Western blue,
The Northern lily and the Southern rue.
The dewdrops sparkling on each leaf and flower
Welcomed the sun, the source of Nature's power.

Ben Adin, wakening from his night of rest,
Before him saw the fast-receding west,
The east resplendent in the new-born day,
The earth refulgent in Sol's golden sway.
A wandering pilgrim, 'neath his burden bent,
Ben Adin saw and welcomed to his tent,
Bathed his tired feet, and lovingly caressed, —
And found an Angel in his honored guest.

A VALENTINE

To my Son, G. Leonard McNeill

NO picture fair of dainty art
Can tell the story of my heart,
For Love is strong as Love is true,
And every pulse beats Love for you,
Dear Son of Love, of Peace and Joy.
As growing man, as darling boy,
I've watched your steps along the way,
And straight your path has led alway.
Dear Ira's spirit! ever near,
With cheery heart our souls to cheer!
Let Love abound, — it knows no space,
For God is found in every place.
God bless thee, Son, through all thy days,
And light thy path with heavenly rays.

"NOR CLOUDLESS SKIES"

"What is so rare as a day in June?"
—J. R. Lowell.

NOR cloudless skies, nor balmy, perfumed air
Of sweetest June, when fragrant-blossomed fields
Their incense give, can make the perfect days,—
Those days supreme when perfect Love abounds,
And Fear, outcast, shall seek the nether realm
Of blackest night, and light shall shine again
As from Thy throne where sits seraphic Peace.
Perfected thus, all days, and weeks, and years
Are ours to serve with joyous song sublime.
Go forth, my soul, to seek the light, the way
That ushers in the perfect day to all.
And you, my friend, whose young and ardent life
Stands at the dawn of that most glorious day,
Our blessing take to help you on the way.

"BLEST YEARS! BLEST LIVES! THAT HAND IN HAND HAVE WALKED"

HE golden sunset of long, honored life
Is yours, whose span of married bliss, replete
With joys of youthful days and sorrow's crown,
To-day we celebrate with songs of love.
From misty morn, when Sol's resplendent glow
Quickens all life of plants, of beasts, of man,—
When feathered songsters sing their morning song
Of praise and joy to Him who gave us light, —
To noon's triumphant power, to sunset's peace,
Thy lives as twain and one have flowed serene.
Blest years! blest lives! that hand in hand have walked
Through half a cycle of revolving years!

Peace to your closing years! The sunset soon
Shall with full glory give with parting kiss
The promise of a morn eternal, fair.
Nor night, nor pain, nor fear can enter in.
We crown you with the laurel of our loves,
And hail you, honored! golden crowned! revered!

"BELLS OF SPRINGTIME"

ELLS of springtime, softly ringing,
Merry birds, on tree-tops singing,
Hail the spring of youth and pleasure,
Fill our lives with joyous measure; —

Pastures in their beauty smiling,
Fragrant flowers our time beguiling,
Running brooklets rippling gladly,
From the hillside dashing madly.

Thus does Nature in her glory
Ever tell the same old story,
Youth in beauty ever beaming, —
Sparkling, joyous, of love dreaming.

Gladly welcome we your birthday!
Merry sunshine, brightening earth-ray,
Bless you, crown you with love's token,
With a life of faith unbroken.

KNIGHTHOOD

O–NIGHT we meet within the mystic halls
Of these our brothers, whose emblazoned shields
Glow forth in golden splendor on our walls,
Greeting with joy the sword our Order wields.

Fraternal greetings give we back again
To Damon and to Pythias, knights of old,
Who counted friendship better than all gain
Of worldly praise or ill-begotten gold.
Like them we succor give, uplift the low,
Hold out the helping hand to all who need,
And buckle on the armor 'gainst the foe
Whose impious hands are stained with blood and greed.

Of old, encased within their mail of steel,
Their shields reflecting back the sun's bright ray,
Their hearts made strong with love's inspiring zeal,
The knights went forth the victors of the day.
Their deeds are told in legend and in song;
But while we dream of chivalry of yore
And wish for knighthood to redress all wrong,
We know our time has braver deeds in store!

"ABOVE THE STORM I HEARD A SONG OF CHILDHOOD"

TRUGGLING and starving, weary of my burden,
I lay me down upon the earth's cold bosom,
Not fearing for the terrors of the darkness,
But hopeless of a brightly dawning morrow.
Wounded and bleeding, fain I longed to rest me
From the bitter conflict against injustice
Which for ages had torn and crushed and mangled,
Beneath the swift-revolving wheels of Mammon,
Men and women, created in God's image.

Above, no stars shone out,— nor Mars, nor Venus;
Love and hope and power were dead within me,
And, around me, groans and moans of anguish; —
For the Storm King, mailed in Egypt's armor,

Thundered forth his warning and defiance;
Earth was tremulous, and the proud mountains
Shook their lofty heads at the North Wind's power;
Shrieking dells and valleys echoed loud their fears.

Alone and fearless,— save as one who gazes
Upon the pictured page of the Inferno
Shrinks therefrom, and yet is charmed by the horror
Of the dread pain of those in torment dwelling,—
So I suffered. The love I bore my fellows
Turned to hatred. For I had sought to help them,
To lift their burdens, to cast down oppression;
Yet they scoffed and jeered me, forcing me to wander,
Marked and branded, like a foe to peace and joy.

Above the storm I heard a song of childhood.
Trembling I woke from the horror of my dream,
And the strong, bitter hate within me vanished.
Near me, child and mother were sweetly singing
A lullaby of childhood, "Jesus is near."
As of old, when the Master calmed the waters,
Gently and most sweetly chiding, "Peace, be still,"
So the blessed songs of childhood's early dawn
Woke in my soul full faith in noble doing,
And I press onward,— loving, never doubting.

"WE WED ETERNAL BEAUTY"

TO-DAY the birds have mated, finch and bobolink,—
For all the feathered tribes of song keep Valentine.
The winter cold cools not their ardent-hearted love;
They coo and whisper into each sweet, willing ear
The old, old theme of love's unfathomed mysteries.
The royal palace and the humble worker's cot
Are warmed and lighted at love's holy altar-fire;
Love holds us all complete, the aged and the young.
The babe close nestling to the heart of mother love
Full soon shall grow to manhood's prime or maiden's grace
And walk in bliss the pleasant paths in love's embrace.
For us, who are grown gray with ever-fading years,
A winged Cupid waits with love's supreme reward.
We wed eternal beauty and are one with God.

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